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R O N A L D,

A

Legendary Tale;

WITH

O T H E R P O E M S.

Mecum, Dionæo sub antro,
Quære modos levior plectro,---HOR.

Oh ! let us seek some sweet sequester'd bow'r,
Hear the soft syren song, and own its power ;
Far from our breast each anxious care remove,
Or let our only care, blest care, be Love ! !

LONDON :

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DEDICATION.

To HER, whose smile is the dear
reward of the following little labour,
RONALD is most justly dedicated, for her
smile was the Muse to whom RONALD
owed his birth.

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TO THE READER.

READER ! dost thou bid me tell,
Why first I dar'd attune the shell ?
Why scarce a youth I dar'd aspire,
Though rudely, e'en to strike the lyre ?
Reader ! I say, scarce yet a youth,
For if indeed I must speak truth,
Many of these have written been
Ere I had years yet told eighteen !
But now (a common fate) grown old,—
Would you my age precise be told ?
Dear, curious Reader ! I shall be,
On my next birth-day, twenty-three !

But I forget—'t was thy desire,
 'To know why first I struck the lyre !
 But would'st thou such a question ask,
 If thine had ever been the task,—
 Delightful task—a maid to woo,
 With words most fond, yet vows most true ;
 I will not tell thee where, and how—
 Some future page may haply shew.
 But this you 'll learn from what I've said,
 I struck the lyre to sing a maid
 Most sweetly speaking—sweetly smiling,
 Whose glance, form, step, were each beguiling.
 For where 's the power that love subdues,
 E'en half so sweetly as the Muse ?
 Vain thought ! for know, the Muse's art
 With double force enchains the heart.
 But the Muse whispers, 't is no youth,
 'To whom I thus speak simple truth,—

That one, divinely fair, is reading,
 That e'en a sylph's sweet smile is pleading—
 To know, how I could find a pleasure
 To revel in an uncouth measure?
 Sweet sylph! I'll tell thee, but first say—
 Why youths regard thee fair as May?
 Say! why thou seem'st an angel bright
 To every youth's enraptur'd sight;
 And I'll confess how long I strove,
 Then dar'd, though rudely, sing of love!

'Tis love that makes thee all divine,
 And love first gave me to the Nine!



R O N A L D.

I.

Why does the tear bedew that eye,
Which pleasure's self, when pensive grown,
Might, from its lovely azure dye,
And humid lustre, deem its own?

Oh! let that eye once more be gay!—
The rose so late, all wet, forlorn,
Forgets, in ever-smiling May,
The rudeness of the April morn.

But thou, sweet maid! thou, sweeter flow'r,
That bend'st beneath a ruder gale,
Raise thy fair form for one short hour,
And listen to an old man's tale.

Age never knew a happier task,
 Should I thy secret grief beguile,
 And thou bestow the boon I ask,
 The grateful, pleasing boon, a smile.

With all a parent's tender care,
 The aged tenant of the vale,
 In pity, thus address'd the fair,
 In pity, thus began the tale.

11.

Lord of many a rich domain,
 Liv'd a youth, to friendship dear—
 Distress of him ne'er sought in vain,
 And told its tale devoid of fear !

On Tay's sweet banks his turrets rose,
 Those turrets once well known to fame ;
 But now they slumber'd in repose,
 And Ronald was their owner's name.

For scarce twice ten drear winters o'er,
 Scarce twice ten summer suns had fled,
 And scatter'd fragrance o'er the moor,
 His relatives so lov'd were dead !

No honour'd sire, no mother kind,
 No lovely sister's smile had he,
 No brother with a kindred mind,
 And leagu'd in purest amity.

No longer now a father's truth
 Reveal'd the battles he had won,
 Beheld himself again in youth,
 While fondly gazing on his son.

When each enthusiast drain'd the bowl,
 Endear'd by Malcolm's honour'd name,
 A love more ardent seiz'd his soul,
 And rous'd a more than kindred flame !

But now, no more the festive bowl
 Was heard to ring with social glee,
 Which cheer'd awhile the pensive soul,
 And gladden'd with its minstrelsy !

No longer, when the morn return'd
 Which gave the youthful Ronald birth,
 Did each, in studied joy, unlearn'd,
 Give ample scope to heartfelt mirth.

And now, no more in exercise
 Each active youth display'd address,
 And fondly strove to gain the prize,
 And fondly hop'd to meet success !

Who did not strive for such a prize,
 To dance with Emma on the green ?
 And Emma saw them exercise,
 And Emma's self the while was seen.

To grace her brother's natal day,
 The lovely Emma danc'd at night
 With him, who bore the prize away,
 For Emma was the clan's delight.

She with a wreath the victor crown'd,
 And smiling twin'd it round his brow,
 While all the clan would shout around,
 And feel their patriot bosoms glow.

But now the dance is seen no more,
 And every joy which pleas'd is fled,
 For Ronald's father all deplore,
 And weep the brave Lord Malcolm dead.

She too, the pride of beauty fair,
 Who oft the lively dance had led,
 She, once a brother's dearest care,
 Emma ! loveliest flower—is dead !

Thus breathes the scented rose in vain,
 Which hail'd the morn in fullest bloom ;
 The sun shall woo it ne'er again,
 And dewy eve shall weep its doom !

III.

Though friend to virtue, friend to truth,
 Deserving sure a better fate,
 Thee, gen'rous Ronald !—gallant youth—
 What cruel destinies await !

Though now no joy salutes the morn,
 Which ushers in thy natal day—
 No more you welcome its return
 With every sportive pleasure gay ;

Yet still the poor thine hand shall bless,
 Shall bless thy store so freely given,
 And earnest for thine happiness,
 Shall waft an ardent prayer to heaven !

All saw thee, while as yet a boy,
Possess'd of every manly grace—
In thee beheld thy mother's joy,
For Malcolm liv'd in Ronald's face.

So glided on thy boyhood's days,
Which little dwelt on future pain ;
For each resounded Ronald's praise,
And Ronald's virtues once again.

Thus, while some bark in gallant pride
Unfolds to every breeze the sail,
Cuts with a fearless prow the tide,
And willing courts the passing gale ;

The skies, the sudden thunders rend,
The swelling surge is heard to roar ;
The fatal hurricanes descend,
And wreck it on the desert shore.

IV.

So, gallant Ronald enter'd life,
Unconscious of misfortune near—
Unfelt as yet the battle's strife,
Unknown as yet affliction's tear.

But ah ! too soon th' indulgent hand,
Which guided once his tender years,
'T was his to mourn, and weep the band
Of kindred lost with unfeign'd tears.

No longer then was Ronald seen
The foremost in the healthful chase,—
No longer dancing on the green,
And urging youths at eve to race:

But oft at eve was known to rove,
With downcast eyes in pensive mood,
And seek awhile the distant grove,
And deep recesses of the wood.

There would he mourn his hapless doom,
 And shed with many a sigh the tear,
 And strew with flow'rs th' untimely tomb,
 Which buried all that made life dear.

Yet Ronald still possess'd a friend,
 Friend of his father's early youth,
 In science skill'd, and skill'd to blend
 The legendary tale with truth.

With him the eve was far too fleet,
 While list'ning to the tale of old,
 And Ronald urg'd him to repeat,
 Once more, the tale, too quickly told.

Thus, list'ning to another's woe,
 Th' attentive youth forgot his own;
 Awhile his tears forgot to flow,
 And sorrow's pangs less keen were grown.

Fleas'd with the task so well begun,
 Sir Eustace would impart relief,
 And soon the sorrowing Malcolm's son
 Renounc'd his unavailing grief!

“ Ah! lov'd Sir Eustace, best of friends,”
 In transport, grateful Ronald cried ;
 “ Thou still art left, my anguish ends,
 “ My parents, kindred, have not died.

“ In thee, I feel a parent's love,
 “ A brother still survives for me ;
 “ Thou canst affliction's pangs remove,
 “ Ah ! more than kindred lives in thee.

“ When thou, Sir Eustace ! worn with toil,
 “ The weakness of old age shalt feel,—
 “ I'll cause thy furrow'd cheek to smile,
 “ And cheer with more than filial zeal.”

Thus spoke the youth, devoid of art,
 To him who lov'd none else so dear ;
 Thus flow'd the language of his heart,
 Made sacred by a glowing tear.

v.

And now, full oft at early dawn,
 The friends endear'd were seen to ride,
 And happy o'er the dewy lawn,
 Was Ronald by Sir Eustace' side.

To him, Sir Eustace would reveal
 Each science which he thought would please ;
 Then with him share the frugal meal,
 Where converse still was held with ease.

And Ronald then would love to read,
 Would anxious turn th' historic page,
 Would glow at every noble deed,
 And trace the Knight from youth to age ;

Now heard the clanging trumpet sound,
Which call'd the willing brave to arms,
And saw the bravest kiss the ground,
Amid the battle's rude alarms.

'T was here the warrior urg'd his car,
Here loudly neigh'd the foaming steed,
Here rag'd the fury of the war,
And many a youth was seen to bleed.

How did he envy every deed
Perform'd in matchless chivalry,
While his heart whisper'd it would bleed
In any hour for liberty !

Thus Ronald, though in peace profound,
Beheld the glittering arms of war,
And saw the battle rage around,
And heard the signal from afar.

Yet oft'ner would he seek the grove,
 And there the love-sick tale peruse ;
 There would he read the vows of love,
 And listen to the mournful muse.

And when he heard the lover's woe,
 Strove vainly to repress the sigh,
 Still down his cheek the tears would flow,
 As sadder grew the elegy.

For Ronald's heart was form'd for love,
 For every tie to friendship dear ;
 Yet pensive still he sought the grove,
 And dropp'd the tributary tear.

So Ronald pass'd the fleeting hours,
 And read till latest eve from dawn,
 Cull'd with his friend the latent flow'rs
 Of science,—cull'd, nor felt the thorn.

VI.

And now once more, his spirits light,
He rous'd his clan long lost to arms ;
For life had now once more delight,
Was now adorn'd in novel charms.

Again with them he sought the chase,
Oft urg'd the deer across the lawn :—
Who could with Ronald vie in grace ?
Or who with Ronald wind the horn ?

Again, no other sound was heard,
But Ronald's clan is free from pain ;
'T was this gave joy—this simple word,
In him, our lost Lord lives again.

Each now in gen'rous Ronald's hall,
Who first should vow allegiance strove :
The old, the young, there breath'd in all,
But this one vow—eternal love !

Proud of his clan, the youthful Lord
 Pledg'd all with heart right merrily,
 Presided o'er the festive board,
 And welcom'd its festivity.

At morn the bugle call'd the horse,
 Each hasten'd to his neighing steed,
 While their Lord happy join'd the course,
 And bounded o'er the verdant mead.

Hark—forward, forward ! soon was heard—
 The game, my friends, is sprung to-day—
 And many a youth his courser spurr'd,
 But graceful Ronald led the way.

The bugle soon was heard to wind,
 The chieftain saw the timid deer ;
 Yet all, save he, were far behind,
 And none but Ronald's self was near.

A merrier note now rung the horn,
 And echo'd in the distant vale ;
 The dogs flew swifter o'er the lawn,
 And up the hill, and down the dale.

At length his courser flagg'd apace,
 Though in the open, level mead,
 Lost to his eager view the chase,
 For vain his wearied courser's speed.

How the youth griev'd to quit the deer,
 So early, in so fine a morn !
 He call'd aloud, no friend was near—
 None answer'd to the chieftain's horn.

VII.

And now, though far advanc'd the day,
 No house, no friendly aid was nigh—
 No gentle stranger cross'd the way,
 And scarce a footstep met his eye.

Onward the chieftain cheerless rode ;
 When slow descending to a vale,
 Unseen before, now rose th' abode,
 The happiest subject of my tale.

For where's the bard who names love's name,
 And feels not then a livelier pleasure ?
 Where is the lyre then struck the same,
 But vibrates to a happier measure ?

Around the cot were thickest trees,
 Sweet shelter from the noon-day heat,
 Which seem'd to woo the passing breeze,
 And promise gave of cool retreat.

Close to the door an arbour rose,
 Where sucklings twin'd the woodbine round,
 There wildly grew the blushing rose,
 And many a flowret bloom'd around.

And near the stream which murmur'd by,
The playful fawn was seen to sport ;
The youth admir'd the scenery,
Nor longer griev'd the chase so short.

Th' admiring youth awhile had stood,
But saw, surpris'd, a female form
Slow moving from a neighbouring wood,
And bending homeward o'er the lawn.

A struggle rose in Ronald's breast,
T' address the nymph, or seek the cot ;
But ere resolved what was best,
The lovely unknown reach'd the spot.

But when she saw a stranger near,
The blush quick mantled on her cheek ;
Nor was the youth devoid of fear,
Nor could the graceful Ronald speak.

While fondly gazing on the maid,
 He felt a sweet emotion rise ;
 And though the chieftain nought had said,
 Yet how expressive spoke his eyes !

At length reviving from his trance,
 'The youth, confus'd, for pardon sued ;
 But when she met his eager glance,
 Her blushes were again renew'd.

And now he told his simple tale,
 That, hunting with his friends that day,
 His courser fail'd him in the vale,
 And, weary'd, he had lost his way.

The lovely maid the hunter press'd
 To seek the cottage, and repose,
 Awhile his weary limbs to rest,
 Nor quit it till the morning rose.

The mother came, and prest, I wot,
 Ere yet the youth could well reply—
 Ah! prest him willing to the cot,
 And urg'd her hospitality.

VIII.

But ere the little feast's prepar'd,
 The beauteous Laura tun'd the lyre,
 Deck'd in each smile the converse shar'd,
 While Ronald gaz'd in fond desire.

Ah, happy youth! how blest thy lot,
 Thus weary to beguile the day!
 Lord Ronald cry'd, and blest the cot,
 And blest his Laura's minstrelsy.

At night in vain he courted sleep,
 And gently laid him to repose;—
 As well might sorrow cease to weep,
 As love its anxious eyelids close!

At morn how beat the chieftain's heart,
For soon, too soon the hour was near,
That warn'd the lover to depart
From her, scarce seen, yet held most dear.

Without delay he sought the room,
Where eve had flown so swift along,
Where, happy, he had blest his doom,
And Laura's smiles, and Laura's song.

Here deeply mus'd, but Laura came,
And sweetly smiling blest his sight ;
Then pleasure fill'd his breast again,
Though sorrow mingled with delight.

Already had his courser neigh'd,
Already too the guide was near ;
And oft, Adieu ! had Laura said,
Yet still the chieftain linger'd there.

And ere the youth could haste away,

He thus in faltering accents said :—

“ How oft shall memory bless that day

“ When first I saw thee, lovely maid.

“ On thee may Peace for ever smile,

“ On thee her choicest gifts bestow :

“ With sweeter joy each hour beguile.

“ More sweetly make each moment flow.”

Then, with an easy graceful bound,

Lord Ronald cross'd his eager Roan,

Who, foaming, proudly spurr'd the ground.

And rear'd, impatient to be gone.

He gave the willing courser rein.

And while along the mead they flew,

Still fondly backward look'd again.

Still fondly bade once more adieu.

Then to the guide was heard to tell,
 To hasten to Lord Ronald's towers,—
 Once more to Laura breath'd farewell,
 And griev'd so fleet had fled the hours !

IX.

The eve came on—to hunt the deer
 All long had ceas'd, and home return'd ;
 Yet still the chieftain was not near,
 And each in fond expectance burn'd.

The warder blew, the bugle sounds,
 For fear had spread too just alarms ;
 The castle all the clan surrounds,
 The willing clan in faithful arms.

But when they heard the dubious tale,
 No longer they inactive stood :
 Some rang'd the hills, and some the vale,
 Some sought the lowlands, some the wood.

Some fear'd that early in the morn
 Lord Ronald might have lost his way ;
 Yet none had heard the chieftain's horn
 Since first it jocund hail'd the day.

The clan, reluctant homeward sped,
 Assembled in the hall again ;
 For each had search'd as fancy led,
 But search'd the livelong night in vain.

Sir Eustace now propos'd reward,
 Although o'ercome with sudden grief,
 'To him who first should find their lord,
 And aid with willing hand the chief.

“ Oh, youth belov'd !” Sir Eustace cry'd,—
 “ What tortures I endure for thee !
 “ I'd give my life thou hadst not dy'd—
 “ Without thee, life is misery !

- “ I fondly thought—how vain the thought !
 “ Old age with me would smoothly glide—
 “ But oh ! this cruel morn has brought
 “ Whate’er of ill could me betide :

 “ For I had hop’d that Ronald’s smile
 “ Would cheer, would bless the roughest day ;
 “ Would ev’ry tedious hour beguile,
 “ And banish sorrow far away.

 “ But now the dear delusion’s o’er,—
 “ For him the live-long day I’ll mourn ;
 “ The gen’rous Ronald breathes no more,
 “ And never will again return !”

X.

He ceas’d—when in the chieftain rush’d ;
 Unusual pleasure crown’d his brow ;
 His face a livelier joy had flush’d,
 And love unknown, unfelt till now.

But when he saw his friend in tears,
 And all his clan stand weeping by,
 Ah ! little thought he caus'd those tears,
 But ask'd whence rose their misery ?

None spoke,—but oh ! their sudden joy
 Soon told for whom their tears had flow'd,
 Whose absence could their peace destroy,
 But who return'd had peace bestow'd.

Again their tears began to flow,
 But those were tears which pleasure shed ;
 Now joy succeeded soon to woe,
 For he was safe just mourn'd as dead.

Sir Eustace and his friend embrace ;
 Since Ronald liv'd he ceas'd to mourn :—
 Where now was seen the gloomy face ?
 Where breath'd not joy at his return ?

XI.

E'en now the hall with laughter rung,—
A prouder banquet grac'd the board ;
E'en now the patriot song was sung,
The clan's lov'd song that prais'd their lord.

Whene'er the health of him so dear,
With fond delight had crown'd the bowl ;
Love shed a fonder, warmer tear,
And bless'd him from its inmost soul.

Unheeded by had pass'd the night,
The blushing morn already rose :
Yet Ronald's clan still felt delight,
A joy too great to seek repose.

E'en still was heard the patriot lay,
Still beauty beam'd the thrilling glance ;
And love in vary'd measure gay,
Still gave the song, or led the dance.

At length the happy clan retir'd,
 But left, reluctant left the hall—
 Who was like Ronald e'er admir'd?
 Like Ronald e'er belov'd by all?

XII.

But he had long retir'd to rest,
 Though happy, not devoid of care;
 For love now triumph'd o'er his breast,
 And Laura's image solely fair.

Scarce had he clos'd his weary eye,
 And scarce had sleep his care beguil'd,
 When Laura's self again drew nigh,
 And once more in the cottage smil'd.

Long had the blushing morn arose,
 When Ronald 'woke and hail'd the light;
 Thrice did he bless so sweet repose,
 And thrice the dreams which bless'd the night.

Sir Eustace too had slumber'd late,
 Much longer than th' accustom'd hour ;
 But e'en in sleep mourn'd Ronald's fate—
 Morn prov'd how vain the vision's pow'r :

For morn his aged sight soon blest,
 With Ronald's smile now doubly dear ;
 Now doubly dear the youth carest,
 Whom, lost for ever, whisper'd fear.

Thus happy, swift fled on the day,
 Rapt solely in the youth the seer ;
 While he on Laura far away,
 Mus'd, fondly mus'd on her so dear.

XIII.

Why now so sad, of late so gay,
 Presiding at the festive board ;
 He, whom the minstrel's ardent lay
 Sung, gen'rous chieftain, noblest lord ?

Why now renounc'd the healthful chase,
 Where he of late was foremost seen ?
 Why sadden'd now that manly face ?
 Why gloomy now that manly mien ?

When Love reigns mistress of the heart,
 And bids all other passions fly ;—
 Vain is the strongest lure of art,
 And impulse of philosophy !

XIV.

“ How wretched life !” Lord Ronald cries,
 “ If we its dearest joys remove,
 “ That life which hope alone supplies,
 “ When absent from the maid we love !

“ Ah ! what is life without a friend,
 “ Who willing strives to share our grief,
 “ Who 'mid each care a hope will blend,
 “ A joy that haply brings relief !

“ Oh ! haste, Sir Eustace, haste thee here,
 “ Thy smile indulgent, fear beguiles ;—
 “ But to unfold my tale, why fear
 “ To him who gives a parent’s smiles ?”

He seeks that friend, and longs to speak
 Of love, and Laura in the vale ;
 The blush that mantles on his cheek
 Would better tell the tender tale ;

Tell of that vale where love-form’d bow’rs
 Smil’d verdant round his Laura’s cot ;
 For which he left his haughty tow’rs,
 And every care, save her, forgot.

To her the fond impassion’d youth,
 Love beaming from his ardent eye,
 Eternal constancy and truth
 Oft vow’d with fond anxiety.

“ Doubt, that along the crystal tide
 “ The swan shall proudly cease to move,
 “ Ere I renounce thee for my bride,
 “ Or ever, ever cease to love !

“ E’en now I swear it by that breast,
 “ Thrice fairer than the driven snow ;
 “ The torrent’s roar awhile shall rest,
 “ Ere I awhile forget my vow !”

Pleas’d with each oath so fondly sworn,
 To make her blest their sole intent :
 She blush’d far lovelier than the morn,
 And smil’d, ’mid blushes smil’d, consent.

Scarce could the youth to what he knew,
 A moment’s willing credit give ;
 For scenes so blissful rose to view,
 Now only did he seem to live.

Hast thou not seen the timid dove
Speed o'er the dreary desert waste,
To join its mate in some far grove,
And love endear'd by absence taste ?

But to Sir Eustace sped the youth,
With haste, more fond, to tell the tale,
And boast that he had pledg'd his truth
And love to Laura in the vale.

“ Oh ! could you see her eye of blue,
“ Whose azure mocks the cloudless sky,
“ Then could you doubt my vows were true,
“ Or faithful to my love my sigh !

“ Oh ! could you see her auburn hair,
“ More lovely than the burnish'd gold ;
“ Or glance upon her sylph-like air,
“ My tale were quickly, truly told.

“ Oh! could——” “ But hold, Lord Ronald,
hold—

“ Fond youth, I doubt not that you love—

“ Too true, I fear, thy tale is told,

“ And would that love-sick tale reprove.

“ But I, young man, in early youth,

“ I too confest a lovely bride :

“ Fraught was each hour with love and truth,

“ She smiling by her husband's side.

“ Forgive my tears, for one more fair,

“ More true than her, ne'er smil'd on earth ;

“ Love never own'd a happier pair,

“ And blest us in a daughter's birth.

“ But soon, too cruel, envious fate,

“ And honour call'd me to the field :—

“ Ah! what avail'd of war my hate—

“ To honour, love was doom'd to yield.

- “ ‘ Fond wife !’ I cry’d, and kiss’d adieu,
 “ While loud the trumpet call’d to arms ;
 “ ‘ In every clime I’ll think of you,
 “ In each dwell fonder on your charms.
- “ ‘ Away with gloom ; I will not mourn ;
 “ Soon freed the battle’s rude alarms,
 “ To thee, my love, I’ll quick return,
 “ And clasp thee to my longing arms.’
- “ So whisper’d Hope—with what delight
 “ I welcom’d such a flatt’ring guest !
 “ Methought already from the fight,
 “ She clasp’d me victor to her breast.
- “ Methought I kiss’d that cheek so dear,
 “ Sweet rival of the morning’s hue ;
 “ Methought I saw our infant near,
 “ The pledge so blest, of love so true.

“ But I, my Ronald ! since that hour,
 “ Nor wife, nor smiling babe, have found :
 “ Of grief, how few can judge the pow’r,
 “ Where love despairing gives the wound !”

“ No more !—I will not rend thy heart ;
 “ Such scenes, such tales are now forgot ;—
 “ With thee more happy I ’ll depart
 “ To see thy union, bless thy lot.”

XVI.

E’en now they hasten’d o’er the lawn,
 By either not a word was spoke ;
 For age awhile was doom’d to mourn,
 And youth in silence pity took.

But when they reach’d the destin’d vale,
 That mournful silence Ronald broke,
 And deck’d in pity’s garb his tale,
 And thus in pity’s accent spoke :

" Oh, cease, Sir Eustace ! cease to mourn ;
 " You 'll find a daughter in my bride ;
 " With thee, my father, we 'll return,
 " To see thee blest our only pride."

Ah ! little thought the grateful youth,
 His soul prophetic told aright,
 Till, crown'd with unexpected truth,
 What fancy form'd arose to sight.

The mother of his bride he found
 Clasp'd in the old man's fond embrace,
 And saw him quickly turn around.
 To kiss his child's remember'd face.

Not greater joy the seaman knows,
 When freed the wreck, death just at hand,
 The tempest o'er him idly blows,
 He once more safely reaching land,

'Than warm'd Sir Eustace' grief-worn heart,
Restor'd to all held dear on earth.

“ Again,” he cries, “ we must not part,
“ And sorrow now shall yield to mirth.

“ Here, Ronald ! take my daughter fair,
“ Scarce worthy, youth, to be thy bride ;
“ And with her every blessing share ;
“ Thou now, indeed, my son, my pride !”

He gave the lovely, beauteous maid,
Deck'd in a thousand nameless charms,
In love-fraught, dimpled smiles array'd,
All blushing to her lover's arms.

Ah ! who can tell Lord Ronald's joy,
Of Laura, pleasure's self possess !
Who speak his bliss, without alloy,
Though Laura sunk upon his breast.

“ Oh ! come, dear angel, haste away,
 “ And bless thy Lord’s, thy Ronald’s towers ;
 “ Yet often mindful of this day,
 “ The cot we ’ll visit and its bowers.”

“ No, no, fond youth ! to-morrow’s light
 “ Shall smile on Laura as thy bride ;
 “ Till then, restrain of mad delight,
 “ Of joy restrain, and stem the tide.”

Youth heard th’ advice of age with pain,
 With sorrow heard, nor dar’d reprove ;
 To-morrow, then, shall pleasure reign ;
 To-morrow’s dawn shall crown our love !

XVII.

And now they bade a short adieu,
 And breath’d a second fond farewell ;
 And now the castle rose to view,
 Where love and Laura soon would dwell !

“ Rouse, warder !—let thy bugle sound;
 “ Let all my faithful clan appear.”
 Swift at the well-known call, around
 Their gallant lord the clan drew near.

He told them on the morrow's dawn,
 Their lord's lov'd bride they all would see ;
 And then that not a heart should mourn ;
 E'en now, begin the revelry.

Though pleasure swift led on the hours,
 And lovely soon would rise the morn ;
 Still Ronald thought that on his tow'rs
 The envious light would never dawn.

E'en when the lovely morn arose,
 Since one, more lovely, was not nigh—
 The lover's heart knew no repose,
 From timid, fond anxiety !

But when the clan's shout rent the air,
 And hail'd their future lady nigh,—
 Swift to the winds gave gloomy care,
 Love laughing in the chieftain's eye.

And from the neighb'ring convent too,
 The aged friars were seen to move ;
 One, pleas'd to hear of vows so true,
 Was willing led to crown their love.

When their lov'd lord his bride carest,
 Each youth rever'd her modest air ;
 E'en Malcolm's bride, the old confest,
 Was never, never half so fair.

And when the happy, youthful pair,
 'Mid parents' blessings home return'd,
 More loud the clan's shout rent the air,
 More true each heart to Ronald burn'd.

XVIII.

Long ere he ceas'd, the grief-worn guest
Smil'd at the tale with soul resign'd—
Faith stedfast vow'd, "What is, is best."
Hope whisper'd, "Heaven's Lord is kind."

MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS.

TO CHLOE.

THE blushing rose unfolds its leaves,
And joy the anxious soul relieves ;
See in the train of spring is Pleasure,
Happy in each sportive measure :
Where'er the laughing goddess roves,
Music warbles through the groves.
Now delight pervades my soul,
Maddens now beyond control ;—
But soon the trance of bliss is o'er,
And Pleasure seems to charm no more.
Then let the roseate nectar flow,
Again shall rapture fondly glow.
Softly now the zephyr breathes
Odours from the rose's leaves ;
Hither send the damsel smiling,
Gloomy thought at once beguiling ;

Her whilst pressing in my arms,
“ Free from all but love’s alarms,”
The care-forgetting draught is vain,
Which strives to ease a lover’s pain :
I’ll then the sweeter nectar sip,
Thrice happy from my Chloe’s lip.
Saw’st thou the blush her cheek adorn,
Lovelier than the blush of morn ?
The blushes of the rose are weak,
Compar’d with those on Chloe’s cheek.
Let fortune’s direst tempest rage,
Still Chloe’s name shall grace my page ;
In ev’ry clime where’er I rove,
I’ll sing the smiles of her I love !

ON DANCING WITH LAURA,

AND RECEIVING A FADED ROSE FROM HER.



Y'ES ! I've danc'd with my Laura,—how grace-
ful her air !

How graceful the movements and steps of
her feet !

Ah, Laura, most lovely ! I cry'd, of the fair,
Thy smiles are, how dimpled ! thy dimples,
how sweet !

Had her eyes sparkled less, then the rose on her
breast

Might have bloom'd, though long cull'd, e'en
more blushing the while ;

For it knew not in regions of bliss 't was a guest,
Till fading, 't was fondly reviv'd by her smile.

At the moment when fading, I snatch'd the
blest flow'r,

Too blest in the sunshine of Laura's bright
eye ;

I exclaim'd, When I cease to remember this
hour,

When I cease to love Laura—ah ! then may
I die !

Did you ask why the rose, which had just ceas'd
to bloom,

I so fondly, so ardently press'd to be mine,—
Since the sorrows of care 't would dispel and the
gloom,

And convince me that Laura alone was divine.

'THORPE GROVE.

AND was there,—did there ever live the man,
 With soul so wedded to inglorious gain,
 Who for the value of a few vile pounds,
 Could basely urge his timid, vassal train,
 To level with the ground thy grove, O Thorpe
 The pride and beauty of the village scene?
 Oh! that on Libya's parch'd and sultry plains,
 E'en while the fury of the dog-star rag'd,
 He wander'd friendless, where no zephyr
 breath'd,
 Nor fragrant tree, whose widely spreading boughs
 Form'd a cool shade, inviting sweet repose!
 Ah me! that ever there was found the hand
 That dar'd so rudely violate the spot,
 Where sure my boyhood's happiest days were
 past.

What joy it was to speed me up the hill,
 With many a vain attempt to climb the fi—
 Oh! it was sweet the struggle to renew!
 And when at length, each difficulty o'er,
 I reach'd the summit of the topmost bough,
 Far lovelier seem'd to smile the scene around:
 E'en then I drew a moral from my toil,
 "That virtue struggling had at last reward!"
 Sweet grove! whenc'er I us'd to visit thee,
 Each tree amid thy band renew'd my joy,
 'There was not one but told of pleasure past,
 Of some dear friendship early cherish'd there;
 But now, alas! blighted by cruel fate,
 The plant upturn that youth so fondly rais'd,
 No dear memorial left of what it was,
 E'en as thy sweetly pleasing grove, O Thorpe!
 Ah! tell me where shall now the blushing maid
 Unheeded steal, to hear the ardent vows
 Of him, her beating heart holds more than dear?
 Those vows, that fondly swore her nutbrown
 hair
 Vied with the polish'd hazel's loveliest gloss,

And that her eyes were blacker than the sloe
Which flourish'd near them—that the matin air
Stole its soft fragrance from her sweeter breath;
But that her cheek still mock'd his curious
glance,

The fervid blush so often mantling there,
So oft the lily yielding to the rose !
Where is the bark that now shall bear her name,
With many a fond wish following close behind ?
Where is the friendly deep-embosom'd vale,
Where love may now avoid the tell-tale ray ?
Farewell, sweet grove ! dear, dear remember'd
haunts

Of boyhood's happier hours—farewell ! where
oft

My truant footsteps lov'd to rove—how oft,
When hope delusive told of future bliss,
Unconscious of a momentary gloom ;
When young delight still whisper'd promis'd joy,
Nor dwelt awhile on sad reality !
Dear, dear remember'd haunts, again farewell !
Ah ! sure, though wrapp'd in night's most solemn
gloom,

No Druid ever lov'd Dodona's oaks
 With half that holy, reverential zeal,
 I did thy sweetly pleasing firs, O Thorpe !
 But ye in fond remembrance still shall bloom,
 Dear to the muses, and to friendship dear.
 Some happier bard shall bid ye still survive,
 Some Sayers *, favourite of the Runie muse,
 O'er thee, sweet grove ! shall drop the pitying
 tear,
 And bid thee flourish in immortal song !

* Vide Sayers' beautiful Specimens of Northern
 Mythology, particularly the Descent of Frea.

ANACREONTIC.

I PLEDGE the idol of my soul—
And hence the magic of the bowl—
For fancy, while the juice I sip,
Still whispers, Thou kist Laura's lip !

Yet mine is no reluctant heart,
Whose feelings must be rous'd by art ;
Mine can each gentler passion move—
But oh ! its dearest impulse—Love !

LINES

SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED TO A LADY BY
A LOVER ON HER RESEMBLANCE TO
HIS MISTRESS.

AH ! think not when you find my eye
So often fondly fix'd on thee—
For thee my bosom heaves a sigh
With all a lover's purity !

For know on earth lives one more dear,
To whom I vow'd the fondest flame ;
And yet 'tis strange when thou art near,
My rapture's equal, love the same !

Oh, say ! did some indulgent pow'r,
In Laura's absence, grant thy smiles,
To cheer the solitary hour :—
It gave thy form, which pain beguiles.

Thine are her looks, her modest air ;
As hers, thy dimples zephyrs kiss ;
And yet as her, there's none so fair,
And yet thy smile is more than bliss.

Then sweetly smiling turn again,
For fondly still I'll gaze on thee—
Ah ! know, sweet maid, no glance is vain—
Yes, Laura present smiles in thee.

LINES

ON HEARING MISS ——— SING.

YES ! I have seen a girl more fair,
Whose form a happier grace combin'd ;
Yes ! my heart tells me—seen an air,
Far, far more lovely to my mind.

But ne'er a voice so sweet heard yet,
So sweet to lovely woman given ;
That Grief could e'en its cares forget,
And Guilt believe itself in heaven !

TO CHARLOTTE.



CHARLOTTE! had I a thousand eyes,
And beauty's loveliest pride smil'd round,
My every glance on thee to dwell,
Charlotte! e'en still more fond, were found.

If to possess the wealth of Ind,
Or Charlotte's smiles, the soul of pleasure!
Charlotte! how sweet the task to choose,
And own thy smiles—the dearer treasure!

J' AIME, et je ne puis exprimer
Mes vœux, mon respect, ma tendresse,—
Je ne puis chanter la maitresse,
Qu'il m'est si facile d'aimer.

Si je dis qu'elle est la plus belle
Des bergeres de ce hameau,
Je n'aurai dit rien de nouveau ;
Ce n'est un secret que pour elle.

Si je parle de ses vertus,
Amis, parents, tout le village
En ont parlé bien davantage,
Et les malheureux encore plus.

Si plus hardi j'ose entreprendre,
De lui depeindre mes tourments,
Mon cœur abonde en sentiments,
Mais mon esprit ne peut les rendre.

Taisons nous—craignons d'offenser
La beauté pour qui je soupire,
Et cessons de si mal lui dire,
Ce, que je sais, si bien penser !

TRANSLATION
OF THE PRECEDING SONG FROM THE
ESTELLE OF FLORIAN.

I LOVE her far more than my words can declare,—

Can words my esteem or my tenderness
prove ?

How hard is the task to sing justly that fair,
Whom 't is easy enough, my fond heart says,
to love !

If I say, that in beauty she far can outvie
The belles of our village, the pride of the
plain ;

'T is a truth long confest by each maid with a
sigh,

To none, save herself, can a secret remain.

If I tell of the virtues that dwell in her breast,
 Oh ! surely by all they've been mention'd
 before,
 Yes—by all they've been felt, and by all they've
 been blest,
 But chiefly, oh chiefly ! been blest by the poor.

Of if more embolden'd I dar'd but to speak
 Of the hopes and the fears my fond heart's
 doom'd to prove,
 My tongue quickly falters, my language is weak,
 Though my heart's overwhelm'd by the dic-
 tates of love.

No more ! lest unheeding I anger the fair,
 Whose beauty, alas ! I too sensibly feel ;
 And the love that my words fail me still to
 declare,
 My eyes' fonder language may haply reveal !

TO MY MISTRESS,

WITH A CROSS.

Go, simple cross ! go, deck the breast
Which love, combin'd with virtue, blesses ;
And thou, if e'er the envy'd guest
Of Charlotte's softly-sweet caresses,

Oh ! whisper, whisper to her ear
Some haply partial tale of me,
And fondly vow that breast so dear
Shall feel no other cross but thee !

A VALENTINE.

HAIL, lovely morn ! dear, sweet, indulgent day,
 That grants the power to write one sorrowing
 line ;
 To speak what else, we must not, dare not say,
 Welcome, thrice welcome, dear St. Valentine !

Love, pure as ever warm'd a sainted breast,
 Still longs to tell the fondest, truest tale :
 But fear destroys what fancy would have blest,
 And hope now whispers, 't is of no avail.

Does love still live when parent hope is dead ?
 Feels love e'en still an animated glow ?
 Yes, love survives, though hope, love's soul, is fled,
 And breathes for Charlotte's peace the fondest
 vow,

Thus the poor wretch who shipwreck'd in the
storm,

When fancy fondly painted home so near ;
Though no kind aid salutes him, all forlorn,
Though hope is fled, yet life is doubly dear ;

Still in his last long struggle for his life,
Fancy more ardent paints what would have
been—

The peaceful home, fond children, and his wife,
And adds a sweeter magic to the scene !

What's India's wealth, or India's vaunted gold,
Scorn'd in that breast with every grace re-
plete ;

That breast which beauty boasts its happiest
mould,

And every virtue claims its native seat.

Then farewell, joy—since exil'd from her smile,
 Pride of my heart, a heart too fondly true,
 Soon shall the din of arms my woes beguile—
 Farewell, my country, home, hope, love—
 adieu !

SONG.

QUEEN of pleasure's sweetest smile,
Cherish, rapture's offspring, love !
Loveliest girl in Britain's isle,
Banish every care but love !

Me then pity, queen of beauty,
Queen of joys for ever new ;
Me thy votary bound in duty,
Duteous to each queen in you !

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

DEAR Hal ! who, let what will be spoke,
 Art ever ready with a joke,
 That told by thee makes thine !
 To thee most willing would the muse,
 If thou would'st promise to peruse,
 To Hal would write a line !

Here have I taken up my pen,
 And faith must throw it down again,
 And throw what's penn'd away ;
 For, strange to tell, I've nothing new
 I can communicate to you—
 No wit, no story gay.

Yet still the muse, though dull to-night,
 Though we are both in sorry plight,
 Will struggle to be free ;
 And since her plea's the hour to spend,
 In converse with her oldest friend,
 Her wing gets liberty.

E'en now of joys that once have been,
 The muse would tell—and many a scene,
 Where boyhood's hours were past,
 But weeps the idle time we spent,
 Were we not e'er on mischief bent,
 And when for fun the last?

Yet, Hal ! when a maturer age
 Made both enjoy the classic page,
 How diff'rent was our turn !
 'T was thine to hear a Tully plead,
 Or Livy tell some noble deed,
 Which made thy bosom burn !

But mine, with Horace, in the shade,
 And Lalage, sweet smiling maid,
 To pass the summer's day ;
 Or quaff'd Falernian from the bowl,
 While Lydia's smiles entranc'd my soul,
 So fled the hours away.

Thus, warm'd by Horace in the song,
 Whose loves the faithful chords prolong,
 And they must still be dear ;
 Ah ! little thought that warmer glow
 Would teach my heart so soon to know,
 A Lalage was near.

But I'll pass o'er those happier days,
 When rivals we in ——'s praise,
 Each classic would peruse ;
 While history engag'd thine eye,
 Mine dimly read the elegy,
 And blest th' Ovidian muse !

And oft when deep in Pindar's strain,
 Methought that thund'ring o'er the plain,
 I heard the car whirl by ;
 Whilst, by the thong scarce touch'd, the horse
 Bore proudly through the shouting course
 His lord to victory.

And quitting now the Theban's fire,
 Who swept with matchless hand the lyre,
 The bard to memory darts,
 Who saw th' Hectorean spouse in tears,
 When quite o'ercome with boding fears,
 With Ilium's shield she parts.

Thus was it mine (scarce yet a youth)
 To love what fiction form'd with truth,
 “ And yield the muse the day ;”
 Yes, oft when you prefer'd to sail,
 Or stemm'd the current and the gale,
 She had my holiday.

Oh! thou still revelling in prose,
 Who Johnson's ipse dixit knows,
 E'en half so well as thee?
 Yet be it mine the livelong day,
 To hear the lyre as swept by Gray,
 Of injur'd memory*.

Or give me Hammond once again,
 Though I so oft his tender strain
 Have read with tearful eye!
 E'en thy cold heart that never lov'd,
 Thy stubborn soul, Hal! sure is mov'd
 With Hammond's elegy?

* I am confident that "Colossus of Literature," Johnson, was envious of the gigantic muse of Gray; and that the virulence of his pen was poured out against Hammond, for no other reason, than because a Chesterfield was his patron!

In aid of prose, should'st thou say, Sterne
Has " thoughts that breathe, and words that
burn,"

And tell Maria's woes ;
I'll still assert, that tale's in verse,
Nor canst thou, quoting Sterne, rehearse
That tale in honest prose.

Even when my uncle Toby swears,
With manly sighs, and unfeign'd tears,
Lefevre shall not die ;
To own, thou wilt not sure refuse,
Th' accusing spirit was the muse,
To heaven's chancery ?

With temples to the muses dear,
Though Tibur's banks we still revere,
And shall till time's no more ;
Though Tusculum, of Tully proud,
Retiring from the Forum's crowd,
We love, and Bai's shore :

By us, although the laurel's wove,
 With fervid zeal and pious love,
 A Maro's urn to grace,—
 Although we mourn Rome now no more,
 Yet still amid its classic store,
 Its former grandeur trace ;

And though to Greece we altars raise,
 To her breathe more deserved praise,
 For she first taught the song ;
 She, source of eloquence and fame,
 Of glory, and the deathless name,
 On patriot Marathon ;

Still, faithful to our country's glory,
 Unequal'd e'en in Grecian story,
 We'll Bronté fallen weep ;
 Him, lord of war, whose thund'ring hand
 Bore terror to each hostile strand,
 Great victor of the deep !

And thee, on whose persuasive tongue,
 Listening, astonish'd senates hung,
 'To catch th' impending word ;
 Thee, pledge of Britain's inward peace,
 For commerce smil'd at her increase,
 'Though war still rag'd abroad ;

'Though anarchy's deluding guise
 Awhile engag'd Britannia's eyes,
 In every winning form ;
 'Twas thine, O Pitt ! though howl'd the blast,
 Though Britain's sky was overcast,
 To guide us through the storm.

In future ages yet unborn,
 No morning sure will ever dawn
 On our posterity,
 But they shall bless, with filial zeal,
 'Thee, guardian of their country's weal,
 'Their laws—their liberty !

But should I praise the living brave,
 Awhile escap'd the watery grave,

On Britain's shore now merry;
 Where shall I find a braver soul,
 In this poor tribute to enrol,
 Than gallant, laurell'd Berry?

He whom the Nile admiring saw,
 When Bronté, wounded in the war,
 Resign'd the dread command;
 And the muse whispers, Bronté smil'd
 When he his sword with faith resign'd
 "To Berry his right hand."

But banish sorrow, gloom, and care,
 Hal! let us rather sing the fair,
 Vers'd in a thousand wiles;
 Yet Hal, though Beauty grac'd the ball
 With all her train, would never fall
 A captive to her smiles.

For, Johnson's true disciple sworn,
 Thou deem'st poor Scotland all forlorn,
 To whom no joys belong ;
 Yet come, and thou may'st see advance,
 Nymphs fresh as Hebe in the dance,
 And matchless in the song.

But hark ! the bugle calls to arms,—
 Adieu ! adieu ! remember'd charms—
 Farewell to Hal and love.
 By Hal, I friendship here would mean,
 In friendship's calm and placid stream
 Thy bark can only move.

But if near some dread Scylla moor'd,
 And aid thou hast in vain implor'd,
 Unask'd I'll climb thy deck ;
 Dash through the gulf, devoid of fear,
 And haply 'scape to all that's dear,
 Or perish in your wreck !

ABSENCE AND PRESENCE.

I wove a wreath of many a rose,
For round our cot each flowret blows,
 To deck my auburn hair ;
And sped me quickly to the grove,
Where Donald oft had vow'd his love,—
 But Donald was not there !

Oh ! sure he waits me on the plain,—
I ran, I sigh'd, I look'd in vain,
 In vain search'd all around ;
My eyes were dimm'd with many a tear,
Yet still my lover was not near,
 No Donald could be found !

Ah! what avails it thus to sigh,
 And then began my tears to dry,—
 Why, Donald's at the fair!
 Swift as the doe then o'er the mead
 I sought the fair—how vain my speed!
 For Donald was not there.

Though many a neighbour there I found,
 And many a youth came wooing round,
 Yet seem'd I all alone:
 How drear, I cry'd, this desert place!
 My steps again I'll now retrace,
 All sad returning home.

Scarce had I left the hated fair,
 I tore the chaplet from my hair,
 Swift at my feet it lay;—
 Why did I cull each rose so rare?
 Why wove the wreath with nicest care?
 Why made me all so gay?

While thus I near it sad remain'd,
 And each unconscious flowret blam'd,
 Despising all their charms,
 I heard my lover's hastening feet ;
 How did my love-sick heart then beat,
 For Donald's in my arms !

Well may'st thou blame the rose, he cry'd,
 For nature, lovely girl ! has dy'd,
 Far rosier sweet, thy cheek :
 Forgive the wreath's too cruel doom,
 Though e'en its dewy soft perfume
 To match thy breath is weak.

Again, around my auburn hair
 He bound the wreath with nicest care,
 Presumpt'ous kiss'd my face ;
 Swore he had sought me from the morn,
 And prais'd how oft my matchless form,
 My every winning grace.

How sweetly smil'd each neighbour's farm,
When blest with Donald arm in arm,
 With him I sought the fair ;
No desert then appear'd at hand,
But all around seem'd fairy land,
 For Donald's self was there !

LINES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A LOVER ON
THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESS.

STRIPP'D of their honours by the ruthless blast,
Each tender shrub that decorates the grove
Mourns but awhile spring's happier influence
past,
Mine's grief eternal for the maid I love !

For spring, once more, with all a parent's care,
With genial warmth shall renovate the gale ;
And every flow'r shall then bloom e'en more
fair,
And still more lovely decorate the vale.

But I no more the sunshine of her smile,
Again to warm my clay-cold heart shall feel;
And that blest form which sorrow could beguile,
Poor madd'ning fancy only shall reveal!

TO MARY.



Y es, yes, another's far more dear
 To thee, for whom so true I burn'd ;
 And mine was no vain jealous fear,
 For every jealous doubt's confirm'd.

Dear, dear perfidious maid, I thought
 I found a kindred heart in thee :—
 But oh ! thy perfidy hath taught
 Once more my heart its misery.

How vain the lustre of thine eye,
 Since that on all can fondly dwell ;
 No more for thee, false girl, I'll sigh,
 Or only sigh to breathe farewell !

Ah ! no—in every clime I rove,
And many a clime the scene will vary ;
Should I but hear the name of love,
My constant heart would sigh for Mary.

TO LAURA.

WHAT first gave pleasure to my sight,
And unknown bliss, and fond delight?
'T was when I danc'd one dear, sweet night,
With Laura !

'T was when I saw thee in the dance,
And fondly strove to meet thy glance,
And all my soul was lost in trance,
On Laura !

'T was when I saw thy twinkling feet,
Now quick divide, now swifter meet,
And saw advance, and now retreat
My Laura !

Oh! when I saw thee in the reel,
 What transport did my bosom feel!
 No words its force can now reveal
To Laura!

How fond on thee I fix'd my eye,
 In all the gaze of ecstasy,
 For heaven was near, when thou wert nigh,
Sweet Laura!

No more upon the diamond's blaze,
 To admire its lustre will I gaze,
 With wonder, pleasure, and amaze,
My Laura!

For sure the lustre of thine eye,
 Bright as the cloudless azure sky,
 Can with the diamond's lustre vie,
My Laura!

'Thou need'st not now, blest sylph ! be told,
 That thine is beauty's perfect mould,
 That were a tale indeed too old

For Laura !

'T were vain for me, sweet girl ! to speak,
 What dimples nestle on thy cheek,
 To match whose hue the rose is weak,

My Laura !

'To tell the polish of thine arm,
 And dwell minute on every charm,
 While my heart throbs with love's alarm

For Laura !

For canst thou count thyself the sand
 Which skims along the desert land,
 Or count the pebbles on the strand,

My Laura ?

So I, though thousands charms I trace,
 Can never tell thy every grace—
 The matchless beauties of thy face,
Dear Laura !

If some blest genins, near at hand,
 Should say, I might some gift command,
 The happiest boon of fairy land,
My Laura !

That whatsoe'er I deign'd to choose,
 No god—no goddess should refuse,
 Nor e'en the sweetly-smiling muse,
Like Laura !

I would not ask for India's wealth,
 Nor all that e'er was heap'd by stealth,
 Nor e'en the dearer gift of health,
But Laura !

I would not value any gem,
 Though worthy Britain's diadem,
 For many a charm surpasses them
 In Laura !

The diamond's dim to Laura's eye,
 Her teeth with orient pearl can vie !
 And sure the lips are coral dye
 Of Laura !

And where's the burnish'd gold can vie
 With those dear auburn locks, where lie
 Entangled love and witchery,
 With Laura ?

And where's the nectar that could cheat
 My soul of care, e'en half so sweet
 As that ambrosial kiss I'd meet
 From Laura ?

Then, Genius!—tell me that blest art,
Since I from her so soon must part,
Which gives me heaven, if the heart
Of Laura!

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

WHERE, oh ! where is the mansion of wealth
proudly swelling,
That e'er knew the joy that now reign'd in
the cot ;
Where the soldier so late from the war fix'd his
dwelling,
And, safe with his friends, e'en his wounds
had forgot.

Though without loud and louder the night-wind
was blowing,
And the rain and the sleet fell in torrents
abroad,
Yet within was the bosom of love fondly glowing,
For love's dearest pride, William's self, was
restor'd.

On the right of the fire sat the grandsire delighted,

And play'd on his knee with the infant so dear;
On the left his old dame had that moment just
lighted

Her pipe, and sat anxious the story to hear.

And now did the youth, to his home long a
stranger,

Unfold to the dear little circle his story;
And told how he oft 'scap'd from imminent
danger,

And boasted his wealth, which amounted to
glory.

But far, far more anxious on his breast sad re-
clining,

With tears in her eyes as she heard of his toils,
That she shar'd not his fate the fond wife was
repining,

But the tears of regret yielded soon to her
smiles.

For William was safe, and Jane banish'd her
sorrow—

And now the dear circle arose to depart ;
Each view'd with surprise the faint dawn of the
morrow,

While Pleasure, a guest long unknown,
cheer'd the heart.

But vainly from care Jane in sleep was reposing ;
Still moist was her eye, and bedew'd with a
tear ;

For Fancy a scene fraught with woe was dis-
closing,

That robb'd her of all that on earth she held
dear :

She dreamt that the friend of her husband so
tender

Said, as flying he past,—“ William 's cold on
the ground :”

Ah, William ! too brave—for he would not sur-
render,

And the foe all-relentless with joy gave the
wound.

Then her child to her poor bursting heart madly
 pressing,

Dear image of him whom no valour could save ;
 Live, my boy, frantic cry'd, and may this be thy
 blessing,

'To avenge thy poor father, the boast of the
 brave !

Vain hope ! for that moment came one whose
 huge stature

And fierce look proclaim'd him no friend to
 distress,

Whose heart never throb'd with the warm pulse
 of nature,

Whom mercy disown'd, and love never could
 bless.

He forc'd the dear pledge of her love from her
 arms,

Her pride, hope, and solace, he dash'd to the
 ground ;

Till quite overcome with maternal alarms,

All-trembling she 'woke, looking wildly
 around.

How great was her joy when the dream fled
away!

William's breath warm'd her pale cheek!—

Oh, moment, how blest!

When she view'd him all-safe by the full-risen
day,

And the dear little fondling was kissing her
breast!

LINES

ON HEARING A LADY IMITATE ROSCIUS,
IN THE CHARACTER OF NORVAL
IN DOUGLAS.

WHAT, though the world in fond delight,
Roscius ! each hour resounds thy praise !
What, though on thee the livelong night,
Each youth, each damsel loves to gaze !

Each gallant youth, the first in duty,
Whene'er their country calls to arms ;
Each lovely girl, still first in beauty,
Though foreign beauty boasts its charms :

What, though on thee should Britain's queen,
 Each princess too of Britain's isle,
 With air so sweet, with sweetest mien,
 On thee, O Roscius ! deign to smile ;

I'd envy not the world's applause,
 Though Britain's king applauded thee ;
 Yet still I feel for envy cause ;
 That cause I will impart to thee.

Oh ! when I see my Charlotte smile,
 Or hear her lavish praise on thee,
 'Tis then I would be thee awhile,
 Roscius ! 'tis then I envy thee.

Roscius ! by thee in Norval fir'd,
 Thine action suited to the sense ;
 I've thought the bard who wrote inspir'd,
 And matchless in his eloquence !

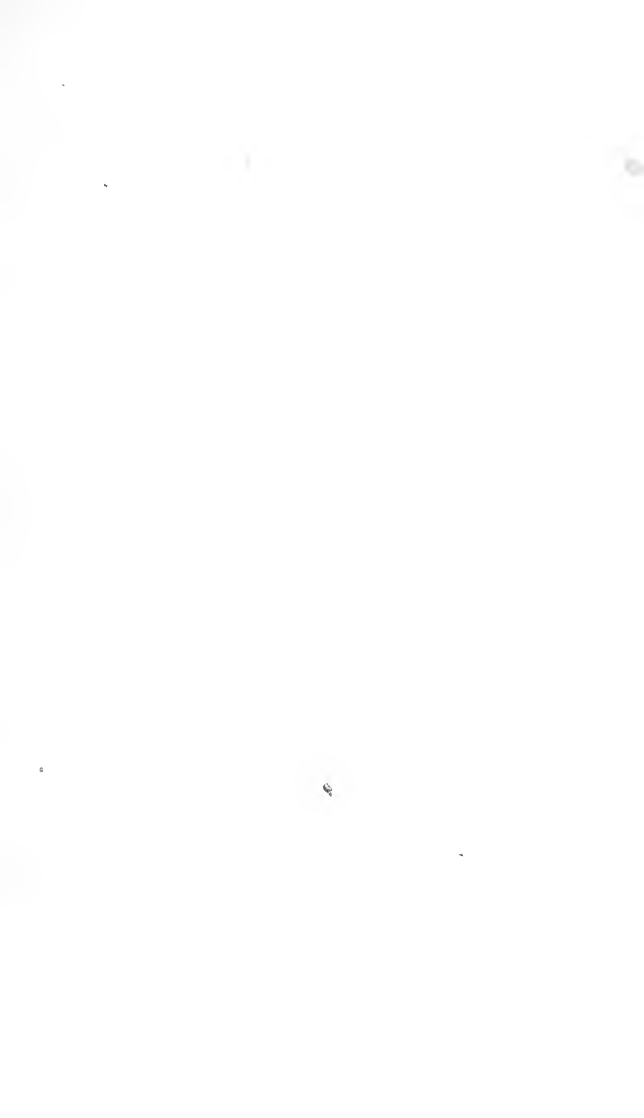
But ne'er thought Roscius all divine,
Till, mask'd in Charlotte's lovely face,
We saw the dear enchantress shine,
With Roscian voice—but more than Roscian
grace.

TO THE MUSE.

FAREWELL, thou nurse of elegant desire,
 Of youthful genius, and poetic fire !
 Farewell, sweet mistress of each finer sense,
 And all that charms in pity's eloquence !
 Farewell, lov'd muse ! yet still be dear thy
 strain,
 Once wont to soothe, though renovate my pain ;
 That bade the gloom of sorrow to depart,
 And lull'd the anguish of an orphan's heart ;
 That gave to love a fonder, holier name,
 And made me feel e'en yet a purer flame ;
 That oft, when doom'd from Laura's smiles to
 roam,
 The secret spell that dearer made my home,
 In fancy still restor'd her smiles to me,
 Those smiles that justified idolatry !

But now farewell the muse, farewell the lyre,
Farewell the nurse of elegant desire !
E'en now the Forum's ceaseless toil is near,
New scenes crowd on, and studies more severe.
Grant me a tongue all-eloquent to plead,
Where virtue calls, and glories in the deed !
Mine be no idle knowledge of the laws,
But doubly active in a good man's cause !
So, may each maid smile partial to my lay,
Nymphs, fair as morn, and like the morning gay !
And thou, lov'd Muse ! my latest hour engage,
The soothing, dear companion of my age !

FINIS.



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